

135 W. 41st St.,

May 30, 1887.

My Dear May,

The mail of this morning brings me your letters of the 27th and 28th. In sending you F. J. G.'s letter suggesting that our pamphlet be delayed till autumn, I purposely avoided ~~any~~ expressing any opinion of my own, wishing to leave you entirely free to concur with him, if, upon second thought, such should prove to be your inclination. As the author of the review it did not seem to be my place to urge immediate publication in the face of F. J. G.'s opinion; but since you remain unconvinced by his argument, I will frankly admit that I think yours is the right view of the case. I have neither answered his letter nor written to



Howland since receiving it. I resolved to wait till I should hear from you. The way is therefore <sup>now</sup> open to carry out your plan. I will, moreover, leave you to make all needful explanations to Frank, and I have no doubt that upon second thought he will concur with us.

I agree with all that you say as to the importance of making the pamphlet typographically handsome. Moreover, I see no objection to letting Rice's observations follow the review.

As the title-page will be pretty full, I doubt the wisdom of quoting Lowell there; but on the back of the title might be printed the first four stanzas and the last one of his poem (the whole would be too much) credited at the end —

J. R. Lowell's Tribute to Garrison.



Such a quotation would not only be legitimate, it ~~would~~ would be weighty, and set not a few people thinking.

The invitation to you, with your reply, will take two pages, making the Review begin on p. 6. Being there, it will not extend, I think, beyond the length (48 pp.) of Thayer's pamphlet—perhaps not even so far.

I don't care a fig for what old Spinner says. As an author, if he is without weight. Moreover, as you will see, he gives credit to the madness of the South rather than to the Republican party or the Kansas emigration scheme for the overthrow of slavery.

I am making up my list of names, and will forward the same to you in due time.

Yours, ever,

Oliver Johnson.



ms. B.1.6 v. 11. p. 104